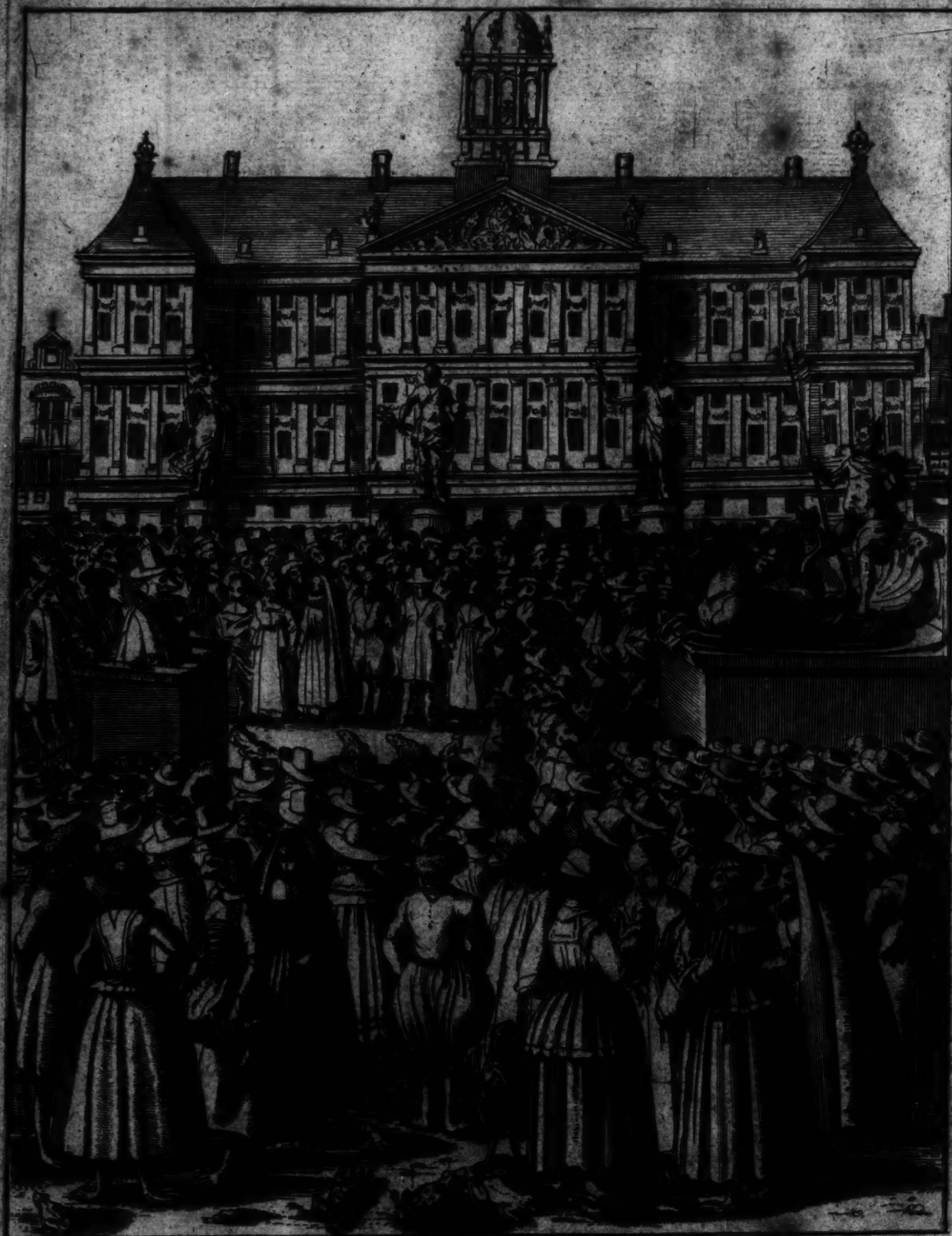


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3

THE
FROG,

OR,
The Low-Country NIGHTINGALE,

Sweet Singer of

AMSTERDAM.

THE
OLD EXCHANGE
TO THE
NEW STAT-HOUSE

Hoping fair Acceptance, a Speedy
and handsome Return,

This true FABLE
DEDICATES.

THE

FOR OR

The Low-Country Nightingale

The Low-Country Nightingale

AMSTERDAM

AMSTERDAM

THE

OLD EXCHANGE

OLD EXCHANGE

NEW STAT-HOUSE

NEW STAT-HOUSE

Hoping for Acceptance, a speedy

and handsome Return

This true FADICATES

DEDICATES

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(SI) seven pages further
forward.



Æ S O P.

F A B. LXXXII.

No matter; They undo the World by Trade:

From Frogs, two Rod-poles, and one greatly Tord.

Deep freighted Horrors from the

F R O G S

Fearing the SUN should Marry.

The News from India, worse than Plague or War,



Low-Country Provinces, United Bogs,

Once distress States, now Hogen Mogen

Frogs;

Royal and Noble Interest gone, Com-

mand,

Grown formidable both at Sea and Land;

Who but a Century of years before

Dabbled in Fishing, despicably Poor,

Where

A

In

In seamless Vessels, Troughs, cut out of Logs,
 Catch'd Whiting-Mops; now Gogs and Gogmagogs,
 In stately Pines new Constellations raise,
 Ploughing up Billows two and thirty ways;
 Through boyling Brine, through Cakes of crufted Ice,
 For Gold and Silver, Ivory, Oyl, and Spice;
 What Straights, Gulphs, trending Bays, spare they to
 By Water to take in the Universe? (pierce,
 Are they with Force not able to invade?
 No matter; They'l undo the World by Trade:
 Four Frogs, two Tod-pols, and one greasy Toad,
 Deep freighted Bottoms bear from Road to Road.

Whom now a confternating Panick Fear
 Dejected much: The Sun will wed they hear;
 The News from *India*, worse than Plague or War,
 Brought and attested by the Blazing Star.
 To Pigmy Inches these Gygantick Frogs,
 Pale Terror, shrunk: Summon'd from all the Bogs,
 Hopping or crawling they in Clusters came
 Up to their Prime *Morass*, their greatest *Damm*.

There the new *Star-house* stands, built fair and large,
 For their own Profit, but the Peoples Charge;
 Where

Where they on all Emergencies of State,
Or Private business, in Convention sat:

No *Portico* this Modern Building fac'd,
Within no ancient Princes figures grac'd,
Nor Grandfires with their Nets, such were too Poor
To stand with Besoms there behind the Door,
Who for their own Good-Old-Cause Martyrs dy'd
By Hemp, or by more zealous Fagots try'd.
But Gods and Goddesses in Marble Carv'd,
Or finely Painted, which the Heathen serv'd,
In all the *Nieches*, each convenient Place
In Stone or Tables the fair Structure grace;
But yet for all their Skill, these Belgick Toads
Made *Upsie-Dutch* Heroes and Grecian Gods.
Early this day assembled Old and Young
The *Dam* they cover, and the State-house throng;
Silence commanded, not one whispering Croak,
An old Sag-bellied Toad rising, thus spake:

Grave *Hogen Mogens*, High and Mighty Frogs!
Whose Care and Prudence fertiliz'd these Bogs,
And so improv'd these your United States,
Princes to Beard, and be with Kings Cope-Mates;

Though

Though we from Mushrooms sprung, and Spawn of
 Like Palaces are now our fair Aboads; (Toads,
 When through brack Waters, and a salt *Morass*,
 We in cut Trenches safe at pleasure pass,
 From *Damm* to *Damm*, and time with Talk beguile,
 Our selves and goods landing 'thout Care or Toyl;
 From which new Water-works more Rent you raise,
 Than from rank Acres, where fat Oxen graze.

But what of these Improvements will become?
 The Sun will Wed, and Nuptials keep at Home;
 Whom Laws of Gods and Men allow a year
 From War or Travel, with his fair Compeer;
 His Absence will our Marshes in a trice
 To Crystal turn, a never-thawing Ice,
 Or should we scape such a continued Frost
 As guirdles up nine Months the Artick Coast,
 His teeming Spouse may yet produce a Son,
 Shall quite out of the beaten *Zodiack* run,
 So un-experienc'd drive his Father's Chair,
 That soon to Fire he'll rarefie the Air,
 Water and Earth to Dust and Ashes turn,
 And all in one new Conflagration burn.

Princes to Beard, and be with Kings Cope-Whores;
 They

They tell how *Phaeton* our ample Bogs
 To Jelly boyld; stew'd Tod-pols, Toads, and Frogs
 In one Potage, and *Pluto* gave, who swore
 He never tasted Broth so Rich before.
 Many such Yonkers may spring from his Loyns,
 And share his Houses twelve Celestial Signs;
 And they may Wed, have Sons, and Daughters too:
 What in this Imminent Danger shall we do!
 To what Protector shall we make address?
 All know that *Neptune* this concerns no less;
 Such drinking Suns may at one meeting Quaff,
 If he had twenty Plumbless Oceans, off
 Him to implore lay by next Sabbath day,
 We're no such Jews nor Christians but we may:
 He heard us lately, when a swelling Tide
 Imbodied, threaten'd o'r our Tow'rs to ride;
 And soon as mov'd, with his great Trident came,
 Beats off green Reg'ments storm'd our yielding Dam;
 Which had they batter'd but nine Inches higher,
 We had not liv'd, ruin to fear by Fire.

This said, Oh wondrous! the Foundations quake,
 And the stiff Idols, fixt in Marble, shake;

When

B

When

When *Neptune*, where he did in Triumph ride,
 On a rich Shell, his Cheeks fresh Sanguine dy'd,
 His Trident waving then with Arms displai'd,
 Thus to the great Convention, wondering, said;
Batavian Frogs, advanc'd by my sole Power,
 Whom *Jove* first planted from a Thunder shower,
 Fear not the Sun, nor at his Offspring shake
 To the last drop I'll drain my ample Lake,
 My watery Kingdoms Laver into Suds,
 To quench their Torches; to the *Stygian* Floods
 I'll *Titan* send, and all his fiery Tits,
 To light their Lamps, and to regain their Wits!
 Lay idle Fears aside, he'll never Wed,
 Nor plant a Female in a flaming Bed,
 Suspect no Conflagrations from the East;
 But a new Sun now rising in the West;
 His Flames beware, make Peace, or Arm with speed;
 You more than all the Elements will need!
 Call our Supernal, Call th' Infernal List,
 Both Gods and Fiends too weak are to resist:
 He threatens my large Arms to bind in Chains,
 And now at Home a second *Neptune* reigns;

W hen

B

Who

(7)

Who three great Nations swaies, and two fair Isles,
His People *Ruler of the Ocean* stiles.

This said, their God grows pale, Limbs stiff and cold,
Trembling with Fear, shrunk in their Marble Mold.

M O R A L.

*Princes beware to aid a growing State,
Lest they be first that give you the Check-Mate.
Wealth and Success turns Humbleness to Pride:
Beggars on Hors-back to the Devil ride.*

F I N I S.

(7)
Who three great Nations sways, and two fair Isles;
His People Ruler of the Ocean Isles.
This said, their God grows pale, Limbs stiff and cold,
Trembling with Fear, thrunk in their Marble Mold.

M O R A L I T Y
Princes beware to aid a growing State;
Lest they be first that give you the Cheek-Mace.
Wealth and Success turns Humbleness to Pride;
Beggars on Horse-back to the Devil ride.

F I N I S.